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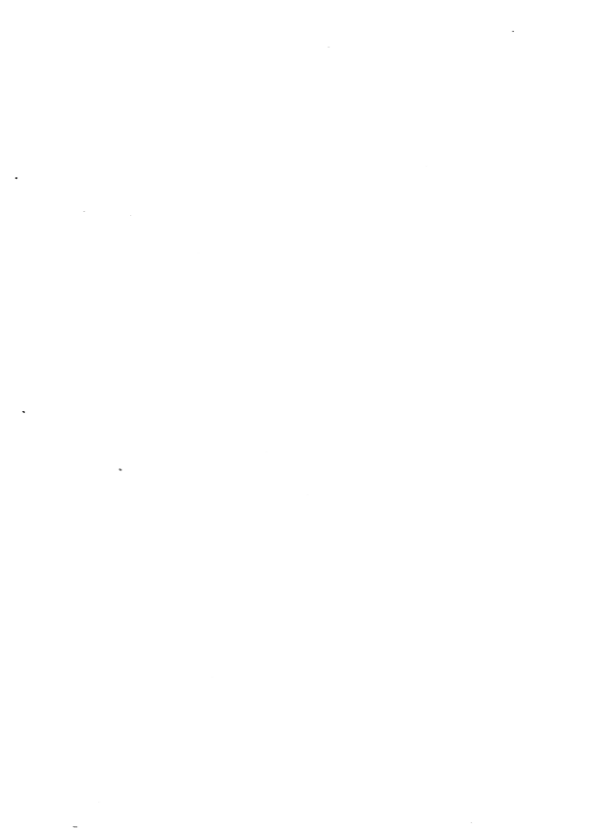
Katharine J. Richmond

May 12, 1941











LEO AND TINEY. Page 13.



# MINNIE and her PETS



BY MRS MADELINE LESLIE.  
WILGURN W. HALLIDAY

## MINNIE'S PET DOG.



# MINNIE'S PET DOG.

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BY

MRS. MADELINE LESLIE,

AUTHOR OF "THE LESLIE STORIES," "TIM, THE SCISSORS-GRINDER,"  
ETC.

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ELECTROTYPED AT THE  
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TO MY YOUNG FRIEND,

HENRY FOWLE DURANT, JR.

son of founder  
of Wellesley  
College which  
was founded  
in memory of the boy  
who died in  
youth. K.F.R.

These Little Volumes

ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR,

IN THE EARNEST HOPE THAT THEY MAY INCREASE IN HIM THAT

LOVE OF NATURE AND OF RURAL LIFE WHICH HAS EVER

EXERTED SO SALUTARY AN INFLUENCE IN THE

FORMATION OF THE CHARACTERS OF

THE WISE AND GOOD.

# MINNIE AND HER PETS.

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Minnie's Pet Parrot.

Minnie's Pet Cat.

Minnie's Pet Dog.

Minnie's Pet Horse.

Minnie's Pet Lamb.

Minnie's Pet Monkey.

# MINNIE'S PET DOG.

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## CHAPTER I.

### TINEY AND LEO.

I HAVE given an account of Minnie's pet parrot, and of Minnie's pet cat. In this volume I shall give the reader an account of her pet dog, Tiney, with anecdotes of other dogs.

Tiney was a spaniel. He had

long, pendent ears, black, expressive eyes, a short, well-rounded mouth, and long, silky hair. He was an affectionate little fellow, who attached himself to every body in the house. He was on the most friendly terms with Fiddelle, often eating sociably with her from the same plate. In summer, when Minnie liked to play on the lawn, Tiney might be seen running here and there in obedience to his young mis-



tress, picking up a ball or stick, and bringing it to her in his teeth.

If the truth must be told, Tiney was a dog that loved his own ease. In the winter he liked to lie on the hearth rug in front of the glowing fire, one eye partly open, to be sure that Fidelle, who was fond of playing with his tail, committed no indignities with it.

Sometimes Minnie used to get

out of patience with him for being so sleepy; but her mother told her it was in consequence of his eating so heartily, and taking no more exercise; and then the little girl would drag him off out of doors, often sadly against his will, and entice him into a frolic.

It was curious to see Tiney with Leo. The spaniel held the great dog in awe, and never but once was known to go to the stable to see him.

The circumstances that led to this visit were very curious, and I must relate them.

When Tiney first saw Leo, he was only a puppy, and I suppose was frightened at the sight of so large a dog. He began to bark at him with all his might. Mr. Lee wished to have them become friends; but this did not appear so easy, for Leo, after looking disdainfully at the pup, walked away with great dignity.

After this, whenever Tiney saw him, he began to bark, or rather to growl; but Leo never took the least notice of him.

Tiney, however, was fond of running to the gate to see what dogs were passing by. In this way, he formed many acquaintances, and some very bad ones.

An express-man used to pass the house two or three times a week, and was always accompanied by a large mastiff, a

savage-looking dog, with a deep bass voice.

One day, when the expressman's wagon was going by, Tiney began to jump up before the horses' mouths and bark. The man spoke to the mastiff, who at once flew at the spaniel, and shook him thoroughly.

Tiney cried out piteously, and walked back to the house a sadder if not a wiser dog.

But he did not forget. On

the day when the express-man passed again, he paid the visit, I have mentioned, to Leo, and in some way made him understand that he wanted to engage his services.

Leo agreed to revenge the insult that had been offered the little fellow. When the mastiff came by, they were ready for him. Tiney did the barking, while his defender caught the mastiff, and whipped him severely.

Leo and Tiney then returned to the house together, when the spaniel showed his gratitude by running back and forth before his friend, and giving several short barks. But what was most remarkable was the fact, that after this they returned to their old footing, Leo never condescending to take any notice of his smaller companion, and Tiney giving an occasional growl when he saw him approach.

When Minnie was in her eighth year, her parents went a journey into a distant state, and she accompanied them; but though she pleaded to take Tiney with her, it was not allowed.

The next summer preparations were made for another journey, and there was much conversation about it in the family circle.

One morning, when they were discussing the time of their being absent, Mrs. Lee noticed



that Tiney appeared very uneasy. He jumped repeatedly into her lap, and from that to the floor, rubbing his sides against her feet.

“What can Tiney want?” she said aloud. “I’m sure he is trying to make me understand something.”

“O, I wish he could go!” cried Minnie. “You know how sad he was when we were gone before.”

The spaniel, on hearing these

words, gave a joyful bark, moving his tail back and forth in an excited manner, and then looked wishfully in her face.

“He seems to understand what we say,” the lady went on, glancing with some surprise at her husband.

“I have no doubt of it,” he answered, smiling. “Here, Tiney! here, sir!”

The dog obeyed.

“Do you know, Tiney,” he

asked, "that we are going away?"

No reply.

"Would you like to go with us in the carriage?"

Tiney gave a short, quick bark.

"I'm afraid that would not do," added the gentleman, shaking his head. "I fear you would be too much trouble."

No more was said, and the dog went across the room, his tail hanging between his legs,

and remained quietly on the corner of the sofa. They noticed that he watched every movement closely, and that, if Minnie left the room, he seemed uneasy till she returned.

“It is very strange that he can understand,” remarked Mrs. Lee. “See, he is not asleep, though he pretends to be; he is listening to what we say.”

Minnie laughed aloud. “It is too funny!” she exclaimed.

“I have heard of many cases,” remarked her father, “where it was evident that dogs understood well certain words uttered in their presence.”

“O, father,” urged Minnie, “do please tell them to me.”

He looked at his watch, and then began:—

“A gentleman by the name of Taylor was once travelling in Spain. He arrived early one evening at a village inn, and sat

down before a stove to dry his boots. Close by him was a dog, which watched him very attentively.

“What can you give me for supper?” the gentleman inquired of the hostess.

“‘Some eggs,’ was the reply.

“‘No; they are too mawkish.’

“‘A rabbit?’

“‘That is too indigestible.’

“The attention of the dog seemed to become more and

more directed to the conversation.

“‘Some ham?’ the woman added.

“‘No,’ said Mr. Taylor; ‘that would make me too thirsty.’

“‘Some pigeons?’

“‘The dog here stood up.

“‘No; there is no nourishment in them.’

“‘A fowl?’ said the hostess, on which the dog started hastily out of the room.

“‘What is the matter with your dog?’ asked the gentleman, noticing a smile on the woman’s face.

“‘O, nothing at all,’ was her reply; ‘he only wishes to escape his work. He is anxious to know what you decide upon; for if you say a fowl, he is sure he will have to turn the spit.’”

Both Mrs. Lee and Minnie laughed heartily at this anecdote.

“That story reminds me of



Dr. Kane's old dog Grim," said Mrs. Lee. "He was a curious old fellow."

"O, will you please tell me about it, mamma?" cried Minnie.

"Yes, my dear. He was very aged; his teeth, almost gone; and his limbs, once so nimble, now covered with warts and ringbones.

"In the intense cold of the arctic regions Grim suffered much, and at last, by a system

of patient watching at the door of the deck-house, together with a curious wag of his tail, pleading for admittance, he was allowed a place in the warm room, and used Dr. Kane's seal-skin coat as a bed for weeks together.

“ Somehow or other, when the dogs were being harnessed into their sledges for a journey, old Grim was sure to be missing; and one time, when he was de-

tected hiding in a barrel, to avoid the labor of drawing the sledge, he began to limp badly, as if he were very lame.

“‘Poor fellow,’ said one of the men, ‘he must be left at home.’”

“Strange to say, he was lame ever after, except when the team was off from the ship.

“Run and get the book about animals, on the third shelf in the library,” said Mr. Lee, “and I will read you a story.”

Minnie flew to obey him, and Tiney, wagging his tail, slowly followed, but came back presently, and resumed his place on the sofa.

## CHAPTER II.

## BOSE AND THE WIG.

“HERE,” said Mr. Lee, “is an account Mr. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, gives of his dog Hector.

“‘I am sure,’ he says, ‘that the dog comprehends a good deal that is said in the family; and that his attention and impatience become manifest whenever any thing is said about

either him, the sheep, or the cat.

““ One evening I said to my mother, “I am going to Bowerhope for a fortnight; but I shall not take Hector with me, for he is constantly quarrelling with the other dogs, or breeding some kind of an uproar.”

““ My mother answered me, promptly, “I am glad of it; I like best to have him at home.”

““ Nothing more was said on

the subject. The next morning was rainy, and I did not start till after breakfast. When I was ready, I ordered a servant to shut Hector up for a few hours, that he might not follow me. The servant presently reported that the dog was nowhere to be found.

“ ‘ When I reached St. Mary’s Lock, I found the river so swollen, I had to get across in a boat; and yet, when I arrived

at Bowerhope, I found Hector, very wet, sitting on a knoll, impatiently awaiting me.' ”

“ In Bath, England, there were at one time a large number of dogs employed in cooking-houses, to turn the spits used in roasting fowls. These animals were fond of following the crowd on the Sabbath, and collecting together, during divine service, in the Abbey Church.

“ On one occasion, the clergy-



man happened to use the word 'spit,' which reminded the dogs of their neglected duties, and, seized with remorse, they all ran home in a hurry."

"Why, father," cried Minnie, much astonished, "I should not think the people would let so many dogs go to church."

"Perhaps they could not prevent it," he answered, laughing. "Dogs are often fond of accompanying their owners to church."

I remember Leo tried it several times when I first bought him. He seemed to understand perfectly well when Sunday came, and, as he knew I did not approve of his intruding, he would run off and creep into the pew without leave."

"And did he keep still, father?"

"Yes; I never knew him to make much noise, except as he occasionally turned himself over,

but I was in constant fear of his doing so, and determined to break up the habit.

“Early one Sabbath morning, before the ringing of the first bell for church, I went out to the stable to tell John to shut him up before he took out the carriage. He said he had not seen him for an hour or more. When I alighted at the door of the church, there was Leo, waiting to follow me up the aisle.

“The next week I thought I would be in season, and had Leo shut up on Saturday. He cried incessantly, when the bells rang on Sunday; but I told John not to let him out until after our return from the evening service.

“When Saturday came again, Leo took the precaution to be off, and enjoyed a whole day of church going, coming in and scratching at the door of the pew to gain my attention.

“I felt almost guilty, when I reflected on his desire to keep the Sabbath. I think he came to know which was the sermon and which the prayer, for during the latter he invariably stood up. It was only by persevering effort that I convinced him his church-going propensity could not be allowed. But now, though you know he often accompanies me when I ride on horseback, and follows the carriage when we all

go, he never attempts to do so on the Sabbath.”

“I remember,” said Mrs. Lee, “when I was a young girl, visiting a lady who had a beautiful spaniel, of whom she made a great pet. When she went out to ride, Doll expected to go with her as a matter of course; and if the weather was cold, the dog was wrapped in embroidered blankets, like a baby.

“One Sabbath day we were

preparing to go to church, and I wondered whether Doll would go too; or, if not, how she would bear the disappointment.

“To my astonishment the spaniel, though she whined a little, made no effort to accompany us by running here and there, as usual, and uttering short, joyful barks. She sat at the window gazing earnestly after us, but making no attempt to follow.

“‘She knows well enough,’ said

the lady, 'that she must not go to church, though I cannot imagine how she tells when Sunday comes.'

"There's a curious story," remarked Mr. Lee, "often told of a number of dogs in a village in Bohemia. These animals, including a large mastiff, belonging to a nobleman in the place, had a practice of going regularly to church.

"This at last excited the atten-



tion of the town authorities, and at a meeting of the court, a magistrate, who presided, said in a loud, decided tone, —

“‘No dogs shall be allowed in church; let me not see one of them in future!’”

“The mastiff was present, and seemed to listen with attention. Nor without effect; for on the ensuing Sunday he rose early, and ran round the village, barking at all the dogs. He then

took his station near the door of the church ; and when a dog came up, unmindful of his prohibition, he instantly killed him. Ever after he took on him this post of sentinel before the church, but not once was he known to enter it."

"What a queer dog!" exclaimed Minnie, "and how strange that he should have known what the magistrate said!"

Mr. Lee laughed. "Do you

remember," he asked, turning to his wife, "the story we heard long ago of that old gentleman in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, who had such a knowing dog?"

"Yes, I remember. Minnie will be interested to hear that."

"O, yes, father!"

"It seems his dog was so intelligent that he could do almost every thing but talk. Among other things, he was in the constant habit of attending church

with his master. The old gentleman wore a wig, and having purchased a new one, donned it for the first time on Sunday morning, leaving the old one hanging on a chair in his bedroom.

“It happened that Bose had been taking a nap that morning in the garden, and did not awake in time to accompany his master to church. He entered the house, and perceived at once that he

was late ; but on seeing the wig, he imagined it had been forgotten, and catching it in his teeth, before he could be stopped, disappeared with it into the street.

“The old gentleman’s feelings may be imagined, when, in the commencement of the sermon, he saw Bose quietly trotting along the aisle, in full view of all the congregation, with the wig in his mouth, not stopping till he reached the familiar pew.”

“I fancy the good man wished his dog had remained at home,” said Mrs. Lee, laughing heartily; while Minnie, who did not seem exactly to understand, exclaimed, —

“I thought, mamma, that wigs were fastened on like hair. I’m sure aunt Mary never takes hers off.”

Mr. Lee suddenly started up. “This is not doing my business,” he exclaimed. “If I don’t look

out sharp, I shall miss an appointment. Run, Minnie, to the barn, and tell John to put the black mare into the buggy as quickly as possible."

Before he had put on his boots, she came back, out of breath, calling out, —

"John has harnessed, father; so you can go at once."

Soon after he had gone, Mrs. Lee went up stairs to make farther preparations for their jour-

ney. She had already directed Anne, a woman who had long been in the family, to put Minnie's dresses into a trunk. What was her surprise, when she entered the room, to see Tiney sitting on them, the trunk being left open!

Poor creature! He had taken this method to ascertain the moment of their leaving, probably that he might follow them, as he was sure they would not go without Minnie's clothes.



## CHAPTER III.

## LEO AND THE MONKEY.

LEO had two very strong friends at the stable, with whom he passed much of his time. These were some large pigs, occupying a nice, warm pen on the south side of the barn.

When Leo left his own house to make them a visit, they received him with a grunt of welcome. One cold night, the host-

ler went, at a late hour, into the stable with his lantern, to see that all the animals were comfortably bedded. As he approached the pig-pen, he was surprised to hear a loud snoring, unlike the noise pigs make in their sleep. He entered cautiously, fearing a straggler had sought shelter there. This fear was quickly changed to mirth, however, as he saw Leo lying on his back between the two pigs,

his feet extending some distance below them, while they were pressed closely up to his body, to impart to him as much as possible of their warmth.

A few weeks after this, one of the pigs was carried away by the butcher to be killed. Leo mourned for his friend, and paid redoubled attention to the one who was left, as if to make up to him for the loss of his companion.

•

I don't know that I have described Leo.

He was a large, shaggy dog, of the Newfoundland breed, black as jet, with a white tip to his bushy tail, and three white feet.

Leo's eyes were very bright, and his whole countenance remarkably intelligent. He was a most useful animal about the stable, always giving notice by a loud, fierce bark, when a stran-

ger, and particularly an ill-dressed one, tried to enter. He was good-natured, too, and was never but once known to bite or seriously injure any person.

One day, the hostler, having gone into the city, left Leo in charge of the stable, as usual. About noon, a man entered and began to walk around.

After a few loud, prolonged barks, which brought no one to his aid, Leo concluded he must

take care of the man himself. Every step that the stranger went he followed him, not molesting him in any way until the man took down a handsome fur robe from the shelf, and secreted it in the hay, near the window. He then proceeded to leave, when Leo caught him and held him fast.

Nearly an hour later, when the hostler returned, they were still in this position, the robber

frightened almost out of his wits, and not daring to move lest the dog should kill him.

Being closely questioned by the hostler, he acknowledged his theft, and said that he had intended to come in the night and take away the robe, which he knew was valuable, by removing the window.

While he was talking, Leo watched him narrowly, and then followed him from the barn, growling continually.

Leo was very fond of his young mistress, whom in her babyhood, he had many times carried on his back around the gravelled walks near the house.

Minnie was fond of him too, and sometimes put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

• When he saw her coming, he always ran to meet her, wagging his tail with pleasure.

But there was one member of the family Leo did not like at



all, and no inducements which his master could urge would bring him on even decently friendly terms with him.

This was Jacko, the monkey, who by his grinning and chattering, and uncouth gestures, so disgusted the great dog, that he kept as far from his cage as possible.

One morning, about three months after Minnie's cousin Ida had come to reside with them,

the little girl was taken suddenly ill. When she was partially recovered, it was curious to see her sitting bolstered up in bed, with so many pets around her.

First, there was Poll, hopping up and down from her perch to the floor of the cage, chattering continually between her fits of coughing, "I'm sick! I'm sick! O, what a cold!" and then, changing her tone, "better now! better to-day!"

On the bed were Fidelle and Tiney, the latter nestled closely under his little mistress's arm.

By the side of the couch, with his fore paws resting on the white counterpane, stood Leo, grave and dignified, seeming to realize more than any of them what a sad thing it was for Minnie to be lying there, instead of running over the grounds as usual.

Just at this moment, Anne came into the room bringing

Jacko, who began to grin and chatter with delight.

Mrs. Lee directed the woman to fasten the monkey's chain tightly to the post of the bedstead, and let him have his liberty ; but she soon regretted having done so, for Leo, who had bristled up the moment Jacko came in, with a deep growl sprang upon him, and would have torn him in pieces, had not the united force of sev-

eral persons present caught the little fellow away, and shut him in a closet.

The excitement proved too much for Minnie, and she began to sob hysterically.

Leo came to lick her hand, apparently aware that he had done wrong, but she cried out,—

“Go away, you naughty dog. I don't love you at all now.”

Leo was presently sent from the room. Jacko, after overturn-

ing every thing in the closet, was returned to his cage, and then, in order to soothe the little girl, Mrs. Lee proposed that Ida should bring the book, and read some anecdotes about dogs.

The first one she read was this : —

“Rev. James Simpson, of Edinburgh, had a large Newfoundland dog. At one time he resided at Libberton, about two miles out of the city, in a pleas-

ant house surrounded with a garden.

“ One sacrament. Sunday, the servant, who was left at home in charge of the house, thought it a good opportunity to entertain her friends, as her master and mistress were not likely to return home till after the evening service, about nine o'clock.

“ The company assembled, and wandered together over the house and grounds, the dog accompany-

ing them wherever they went in the most attentive manner, and seeming greatly pleased.

“As the time approached for Mr. and Mrs. Simpson to return, the party prepared to separate, and at last proceeded to do so; but the dog, the instant they went to the door, interposed.

“Planting himself firmly before the entrance, he would not allow one of them to touch the handle. While they were quiet,



he offered no force; but the moment they attempted to move, he became furious, and with deep, angry growls and a menacing manner, drove them back into the kitchen, where he kept them till the arrival of his master and mistress.

“The surprise of the good clergyman and his wife may be imagined, when, on entering the house, they found a party assembled there at so late an hour,

and the dog standing sentinel over them.

“Being thus detected, the guilty servant acknowledged her crime, when her friends were allowed to depart, after being admonished by the worthy divine in regard to the proper use of the Sabbath.

“Soon after this, Mr. Simpson was obliged to leave his country residence on account of his children's education, and remove

into Edinburgh. Speaking one day to a friend, he said, 'I regret extremely that I shall be obliged to part with my faithful dog, as he is too large to be kept in a city house.'

"The animal was present, and heard him say this, and must have understood what was meant, for he disappeared that very evening, and was never afterwards heard from."

Minnie was silent a few min-

utes when her cousin ceased reading, and then said, half crying, —

“I'm afraid Leo will go away, for I told him I did not love him.”

Ida gayly approached the window, expecting to see the dog, as usual at this hour, sunning himself in front of the stable; but as she did not, she offered to go and find him. She had scarcely reached the hall when

she met him coming up the stairs. He looked wishfully in her face, and then went to Minnie's door, and began to scratch upon it.

Ida opened it, wondering what he wanted, when Leo, with his tail between his legs as if conscious he had done wrong, went directly to the couch, and putting his cold nose into Minnie's hand, asked, as well as he could, to be forgiven for his offence.

“I do love you, Leo,” she exclaimed, caressing him; “you’re a real good dog; and you won’t hurt Jacko again. Poor Jacko!”

On hearing these words, Leo began to wag his tail joyfully, and then, putting his paws on the bed, licked the hand she playfully held out to him.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE FAITHFUL DOGS.

“O, COUSIN Minnie,” cried Ida, “here are some beautiful stories. Let me read them to you.”

“An English terrier was brought up in a family where there was a little girl, with whom he was a great favorite. For hours together they amused each other, the dog readily yielding obedience to every wish

of his little friend. One day, however, when they were at play in the nursery, the mother was startled by a quick snarl from the terrier, expressive of temper and violence.

“Alarmed for her child, she rushed to the dog and drove him angrily away; but after the closest examination, she could find no trace of injury inflicted on the little girl, and she soon forgot both the outcry and alarm.



“Meantime poor Fido had not ventured from the corner where he had been driven in disgrace, but remained for a long time pensive and quiet in his retreat. At last, when his little playmate began to look round for him, he came slowly forward to the mother of his companion, and sitting directly before her, with a touch of his paw solicited her attention.

“‘What is it, Fido?’ she asked.

“He rose gently, and placed something on the carpet at her feet.

“It was a pin, which she lifted up and examined, every motion closely watched by the dog. His pleading eye was too obvious to be misunderstood, and by questioning the child, the whole was soon explained. The pin had come in her way, and, in the fun of childhood, she had tried to make a pin-cushion of Fido's

nose. The snarl was caused by pain, and the snap following removed the dangerous weapon from unsafe hands.

“The lady patted the dog, calling him ‘good Fido,’ when he at once turned to his favorite, to assure her of his forgiveness, and to ask that they might be friends again. And so they were ever after.”

“That is a very good story,” said Minnie, smiling. “I wish

you would read another one as good."

"Here is one," responded Ida, having cast her eye over it, "which is rather sad."

"A gentleman named Llewelyn had a fine hunter, which he called Gelert. One day, the dog refused to accompany his master to the chase, which made him very angry.

"Gelert always kept sentinel at night at the door of his bed-

chamber, and, on his return from the chase, Llewelyn met the dog coming from the room, covered with blood. He entered in great haste, alarmed for the safety of his child, when he found the bed overturned, and the coverlet stained with gore. In an agony of apprehension, he called aloud to his boy, but received no answer, and rashly concluded that the babe had been killed by Gelert.

“Without stopping to reflect upon the fondness the animal had always manifested for the child, he ran his sword through the poor creature's body.

“Roused from his slumber by Gelert's dying yell, the infant awoke, when the father, advancing, found to his heart-rending remorse, a gaunt wolf, torn and bleeding, tremendous even in death, lying on the floor near the tender nursling. The faith-

ful dog had seen the wolf prowling about, and, refusing to accompany his master to the chase, of which he was extremely fond, placed himself near the couch of the boy, and in the end saved his life, though, as it proved, at the sacrifice of his own.

“Llewelyn, who never could forgive himself, afterwards built a chapel, and raised a tomb to the memory of his faithful dog, who fell a victim to a momen-

tary passion. This tomb is still called Beth-Gelert, or the tomb of Gelert; multitudes have there heard the account of his bravery and his untimely death."

"How very sorry he must have been!" exclaimed Minnie, tears filling her eyes.

"Read that account of the Stockholm dog," said Mrs. Lee.

"Yes, aunt; but first here is a story of the fidelity of a dog, which is very affecting."



“A French merchant, having some money due from a correspondent, set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog, on purpose to receive it. Having settled the business to his satisfaction, he tied the bag of money before him, and began to return home. His faithful dog, as if he entered into his master’s feelings, frisked round the horse, barked, and jumped, and seemed to participate in his joy.

“After riding some miles, the merchant alighted to repose himself under an agreeable shade, taking the bag of money in his hand, and laying it down by his side under a hedge, when, upon remounting, he unfortunately forgot it.

“The dog perceived his want of recollection, and wishing to rectify it, ran to fetch the bag; but it was too heavy for him to drag along. He then ran to his

master, and by crying, barking, and howling, tried to remind him of his mistake.

“Unfortunately, the merchant did not understand his language; but the assiduous creature persevered in his efforts, and after trying to stop the horse in vain, at last began to bite his heels.

“The gentleman, absorbed in some reverie, wholly misunderstood his animal’s expostulations, and entertained the alarming ap-

prehension that he had suddenly gone mad. Full of this suspicion, in crossing a brook, he turned back to see whether the dog stopped to drink. The faithful creature was too anxious concerning his master's business to think of it, but continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

“‘Mercy!’ cried the affrighted merchant, ‘it must be so? My poor dog is certainly mad. What

shall I do? I must kill him, lest some greater misfortune befall me; but with what regret! O, could I find any one to perform this cruel office for me! But there is no time to lose; I myself may become a victim if I spare him.'

“With these words he drew a pistol from his pocket; and with a trembling hand took aim at his faithful servant. He turned away in agony as he fired; but

his aim was too sure. The poor animal fell wounded, and weltering in his blood, still endeavored to crawl toward his master, as if to tax him with ingratitude. The merchant could not bear the sight: he spurred on his horse with a heart full of sorrow, and lamented that he had taken a journey which had cost him so dear. Still the money never entered his mind; he only thought of his poor dog, and tried to

console himself with the reflection that he had prevented a greater evil than he had suffered a calamity by despatching a mad animal. But even this thought did not quiet him.

“‘I am most unfortunate,’ said he to himself; ‘I had almost rather have lost my money than my dog.’

“Saying this, he put out his hand to grasp his treasure. It was missing; no bag was to be

found. In one instant his eyes were opened to his rashness and folly. 'Wretch that I am!' he cried; 'I alone am to blame. I could not understand the caution which my innocent and most faithful friend gave me; and I have sacrificed him for his zeal. He only wished to inform me of my mistake; and he has paid for his fidelity with his life!'

"Instantly he turned his horse, and went off at full gallop to the



place where he had stopped. He saw with half averted eyes the scene where the tragedy was acted; he perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded; he was oppressed and distracted; but in vain he looked for his dog; he was not to be seen on the road.

“At last he arrived at the spot where he had alighted. But here his heart bled afresh. He was entirely overcome. The poor

dog, unable to follow his dear but cruel master, had determined to consecrate his last moments to his service. He had crawled, all bloody as he was, to the forgotten bag, and in the agonies of death, he lay watching beside it.

“As soon as he saw his master, he testified his joy by wagging his tail. He could do no more; he tried to rise, but his strength was gone. The vital



THE DOG FAITHFUL TILL DEATH. Page 92.



tide was ebbing fast; and even the caresses of his master could not prolong his life for a few moments. He stretched out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to seal forgiveness of the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast a look of love on his master, and closed his eyes in death.”

## CHAPTER V.

## CANICHE AND THE TRAVELLER.

MR. LEE returned one day from the city with a party of friends who had been invited to visit them. They were all seated at the tea table, when a quick ringing of one of the chamber bells attracted their attention.

The gentleman glanced at his wife, who at once noticed that all the family were present at

the table, and only answered by the words, "Who can it be?"

"It is Maria or Emily Otis, from the city," he answered, smiling. "They came, I suspect, in the noon train, and have taken this method to announce their arrival."

At this moment the bell was rung again, and more furiously than before.

Minnie sprang up, and ran from the room. She reached

the chamber just as a servant was opening the door. What was their surprise, instead of the expected guest, to see Tiney standing on his hind feet pulling the bell rope! He had accidentally been shut into the chamber, and took this means to get out.

The child ran down with the news, and Tiney, who followed her, was quite the hero of the occasion.

After dinner, the conversation



turned upon the intelligence and fidelity of dogs, when one of the gentlemen related the following singular incident, which he said was strictly true:—

“An English officer, who was in Paris somewhere near the year 1815, was once crossing one of the bridges over the Seine, when a poodle dog rubbed against his boots, which had just been polished, dirtying them so much that he was obliged to go to a

man stationed on the bridge to clean them.

“The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then station himself where he could see a person with well-polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself.

“Finding that the shoe-black was the owner of the poodle, he

taxed him with the artifice; and after a little hesitation, he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick, in order to procure customers for himself.

“The officer, being much surprised at the dog’s sagacity, purchased him at a high price, and carried him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. The poodle remained with him a day or two, and then made his

escape. A fortnight afterwards, he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade of dirtying gentlemen's boots on the bridge."

"Your story, which is a capital one," remarked another gentleman of the company, "reminds me of something I read lately, which, if not well vouched for, I should scarcely have credited.

"A man by the name of Edward Cook, after having lived

some time with his brother in Northumberland, came to the United States, bringing with him a pointer dog, which he lost soon afterwards, while shooting in the woods near Baltimore.

“Some time after, his brother and sister, who continued to reside in Northumberland, were alarmed at hearing a dog in the night. They arose, admitted it to the house, and found, to their surprise, it was the same their

brother had taken with him to America. The dog lived with them until Mr. Edward Cook returned, when they mutually recognized each other.

“They were never able to trace by what vessel the dog had left America, or in what part of England it had been landed.”

“One of the best stories I have heard of the sagacity of a dog,” remarked a lady, “was the ac-

count of Caniche, which, if not familiar to you, is well worth repeating.”

Mr. Lee begged her to favor the company with the story, when she began.

“Once upon a time, Dumont, a tradesman of the Rue St. Denis, in Paris, was walking with a friend, when he offered to lay a wager with the latter, that, if he were to hide a six-livre piece in the dust, his dog would discover

it, and bring it to him. The wager was accepted, and the piece of money secreted, after being carefully marked.

“When the two had proceeded some distance from the spot, M. Dumont said to his dog that he had lost something, and ordered him to seek it. Caniche immediately turned back, and her master and companion pursued their walk to the Rue St. Denis.



“Meanwhile, a traveller, who happened to be just then returning in a small chaise from Vincennes, perceived the piece of money which his horse had kicked from its hiding place. He alighted, took it up, and drove to his inn.

“Caniche, after a careful search, had just reached the spot in pursuit of the lost piece, when the stranger picked it up. She at once set off after the chaise,

went into the inn, and stuck close to the traveller. Having scented out the coin in the pocket of the latter, which she had been ordered to bring back, she leaped up incessantly at and about him. The traveller, supposing him to be some dog that had been lost by her master, regarded these movements as marks of fondness, and, as the animal was handsome, determined to keep her. He gave

her a good supper, and, on retiring to bed, took her with him to his chamber. No sooner had he pulled off his pantaloons than they were seized by the dog: the owner, conceiving that she wanted to play with them, took them away again. The animal then began to bark at the door, which the traveller opened, under the idea that the dog wanted to go out. Caniche snatched up the pantaloons, and away she

flew, the traveller posting after her, dressed only in his night shirt. Anxiety for the fate of a purse full of gold Napoleons of forty francs each gave redoubled quickness to his steps.

“Caniche, having a good start, ran full speed to her master's house, where the stranger arrived a moment afterward, breathless and enraged. He accused the dog of robbing him.

“‘Sir,’ said the master, ‘my

dog is a very faithful creature; and if she has run away with your pantaloons, it is because you have in them money which does not belong to you.'

"The traveller became still more exasperated.

"'Compose yourself, sir,' rejoined the other, smiling: 'without doubt there is in your purse a six-livre piece, with such and such marks, which you have picked up in the Boulevard St.

Antoine, and which I threw down there with the firm conviction that my dog would bring it back again. This is the cause of the robbery which she has committed upon you.'

"The stranger's rage now yielded to astonishment; he delivered the six-livre piece to the owner, and could not forbear caressing the dog which had given him so much uneasiness and such an unpleasant chase."

“There is no doubt,” remarked Mr. Lee, “that the character and intellectual faculties of the dog are more strongly developed than those of any other quadruped, on account of his being the constant companion of man. It is a pleasing thought, the more that is known of his fidelity, faithfulness, and sagacity, the more he will be appreciated, and the better, therefore, his treatment is likely to be.”

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

“MOTHER,” cried Minnie, one morning, “will you tell me about the dogs people used to have in old times, when the Bible was written? Father read about the dog with the flocks.”

“Yes, dear. The shepherds had dogs whose duty seemed only to be to guard the flock from the attacks of wild beasts,



and, like the Spanish sheep dog of the present day, had nothing to do with the management of sheep. Indeed, he seems to have been regarded with great dislike by the Jews, and, if not carefully watched, was more destructive to the sheep than the beast of whose approach he was to give warning. When he was not on duty, he was regarded as a great pest and destroyer.

“ Among the Arabs, travellers in the East say, this is the character of them all; they are cruel, bloodthirsty, always hungry, and never satisfied. His look is savage, and his appearance disagreeable. The Moors grant him a corner in their tent, but that is all; they never caress him, never throw him any thing to eat. To this treatment must the indifference of dogs to their masters be ascribed.

“The Spanish sheep dogs are used entirely for the defence of the flock against wolves. In case of attack, the sheep fly to them, and gather round them as friends and protectors. They are also taught, if a sheep lags behind unobserved by the shepherds, to stay with it, and defend it until some one returns for it.

“In later times man has made a companion of this faithful animal, and the dog well recipro-

cates the kindness. The Scotch sheep dog, or colley, has no superior, scarcely an equal, in managing a flock. The Ettrick Shepherd says, that a single shepherd, with one of these colleys, will accomplish more in gathering a flock of sheep from a Highland farm than twenty shepherds could do without it. Neither hunger, fatigue, nor the worst treatment, will draw him from his master's side, and he

will follow him through every hardship without murmur or repining.

“Mr. Hogg also gives an account of his own colley, ‘Sirrah,’ who had one night a flock of lambs under his care. They became frightened at something, and ran in all directions, scattering among the hills.

“‘Sirrah,’ exclaimed Mr. Hogg, in despair, ‘they’re a’ awa’!’

“The dog dashed off through

the darkness. After spending, with his assistants, the whole night in a fruitless search after the fugitives, the shepherd commenced his return home. Coming to a deep ravine, they found Sirrah in charge of what, as they supposed, was one of the scattered divisions; but what was their joyful surprise to find that not one of the flock was missing!"

"O," cried Minnie, "wasn't he a good fellow!"

“Yes, dear; and the English sheep dog is also remarkable for its docility and faithfulness. It is larger and more powerful than the colley; and they are so useful to their employers that a writer says it would be almost impossible to conduct the markets without them. If you were to visit the Smithfield market in London, on Monday or Friday, you would see them at their work. Vast droves of sheep and

other animals are brought from the country for the supply of the great metropolis, and are here crowded into the smallest possible space. Of course each owner wishes his flock kept from mingling with others; and this business devolves on his dog. If one sheep slips away, by a motion of the hand, or one word of command, the master signifies his desire, and the truant is instantly sought and returned,



the dog always holding it by the side of the head, so as not to bruise the body. His eye is continually on his master's countenance, anxious to learn his wishes, or on the particular flock he has in charge. As difficulties multiply, his sagacity becomes almost human, and he seems to know every individual belonging to his flock."

Minnie listened to this account with great interest; but now

she started up, her whole countenance blazing with excitement, and exclaiming, "Father, you'll need a dog, you know, for your sheep. If you'll buy an English shepherd pup, I'll let Nannie take care of it, and train it for you."

"Thank you, love," said her father, patting her head fondly; "but I'm afraid Nannie is scarcely capable of such business. I'll tell you a story of a remarkable Spanish shepherd dog which came

to America from England. His name was Arrogante, and he was an animal of prodigious power. There was nothing affectionate or joyous about him. He never forgave an injury or an insult. He was proud and reserved, but not quarrelsome. Little curs would often run up to him, or seize his long, bushy tail; but he seldom condescended to notice them: when he did, he soon made an end of them.

“Arrogante was honest, faithful, and courageous. He was a strictly temperance dog, and would allow no one on the premises who was what is called worse for liquor. Many a time, according to his own confession, the bailiff who usually fed Arrogante was obliged to sleep on the ground outside the farm because he came home unsteady from too much drinking.

“On one occasion a couple of

sailors, wishing to take advantage of the tide, came unexpectedly to the farm, soon after midnight, to take away some potatoes they had purchased from Mr. Rotch. But Arrogante would not consent to what he considered unlawful proceedings. He forced the men into an empty cart, and kept them there till morning. Once or twice they tried to put a foot over the side of the cart, but were convinced if they per-

severed the dog would kill them. They lost the tide, and were greatly disappointed, but, like honest fellows, confessed the fault was their own.

“A gentleman who, I am sorry to say, was fond of spirituous liquors, lived near the farm, and often passed near the stable where Arrogante had his headquarters. This gentleman was regularly introduced to him, and warned by his master against

ever provoking him. Returning home, late one Saturday evening, on horseback, from a convivial meeting, as he galloped past the stable he met Arrogante, and wantonly struck at him with a hunting whip. He was a large man, and rode a powerful horse, which was going at full speed, so that he escaped before the astonished dog recovered from his surprise.

“The next morning the gen-

tleman was on his way to church mounted as before. Arrogante, who was watching for him, at once knew the tread of his horse, and stood grimly awaiting his insulter. When the gentleman had approached within a few yards, the dog gave a spring, and met him in the air, in a deadly aim at his throat. Nothing but the sudden jump of the very active horse saved the rider's throat and his life; but so nar-



rowly had he escaped, that he felt the gnashing teeth of the frenzied brute scrape down his dress, where they came in contact with, and closed upon, his watch, tearing it away with the adjacent clothing, and chewing it into atoms. The cause of this terrible onset not being disclosed at the time, Mr. Rotch, though convinced that Arrogante had not been the aggressor, felt obliged to have him shot.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE INTELLIGENT POODLES.

“YOU promised, cousin Ida, to read about the Stockholm dog.”

“I will, Minnie; but uncle George has something to tell you.”

“Read it now, Ida,” said Mr. Lee, “and I will relate my stories afterward.”

“A captain of an English merchant vessel arrived in the

port of Stockholm, in Sweden, and was soon afterward seized with an illness, of which he died. At the time of his death, he had on board a fine, large Newfoundland dog, which was fondly attached to him. On the day of the captain's funeral, Neptune was allowed to follow his poor master to the grave; and, after the funeral ceremony had been performed, the officers and crew made every exertion to induce

the dog to follow them to the ship, but all in vain; and their endeavors to catch him proving fruitless, they left him in the churchyard.

“During the short time the ship remained in port, Neptune might be seen at all times lying with his head on the grave, and every day the sailors brought him his food; but he was so vigilant on these occasions that they never could get near him,

to take him back to the ship, and they were obliged to sail without him.

“The neighboring Swedish inhabitants, in admiration of the extraordinary attachment displayed by this animal to his late master, made arrangements among themselves to supply him with his daily food; and, as the weather soon became extremely cold, a subscription was made, to build him a comfortable dog-

house, which was placed near the grave.

“It was affecting to see how earnestly Neptune gazed into every new-made grave, proving that he cherished the hope of seeing his beloved master again.

“He remained on the grave for several years, and came to be called the dog of Stockholm, when, one day, he was found dead at his post.”

“I love Neptune,” faltered

Minnie, wiping her eyes. "I wish I could have seen him there. But, father, what did you say you had to tell me?"

"I found two remarkable stories of the exhibition of dogs, which I thought would interest you; and so I took the pains to borrow the book for your benefit.

"The first was an account of two pointers, Braque and Philax, exhibited in London by Mr.

Leonard, a French gentleman of great wealth, who had instructed his dogs for his own amusement. He was earnest in stating that it only required gentle, persevering effort to teach them almost any thing.

“The dogs were in vigorous health, and having bowed gracefully to the company, seated themselves on the hearth rug, side by side. Mr. Leonard spoke to his dogs in French, in his



usual low tone, and ordered one of them to walk, the other to lie down, to run, to gallop, to halt, to crouch, all of which they did as promptly and correctly as the most docile children.

“He then placed six cards, of different colors, on the floor, and, sitting with his back to the dogs, directed one to pick up the blue card and the other the white, varying his orders rapidly, and speaking in such a manner that

it was impossible they could have executed his commands if they had not a perfect knowledge of his words.

“For instance, he said, ‘Philax, take the blue card, and give it to Braque; and, Braque, take the red card and give it to Philax;’ and these orders were instantly executed.

“Pieces of bread and meat were placed on the floor, when Philax was ordered to bring a

piece of meat and give it to Braque, and then Braque was ordered to give it back to Philax, who was to return it to its place. Braque was then ordered to bring a piece of meat and eat it; but before he had time to swallow it, he was forbidden to do so, and instantly pushed it through his teeth, to show that he obeyed.

“After this, Mr. Leonard invited any gentleman to play a

game of dominos with Braque. The dog seated himself at the table, and his antagonist opposite him. Six dominos were given to the dog, and six more to the gentleman. Braque, having the double number, took it in his mouth, and put it in the middle of the table, when the gentleman put down a corresponding piece.

“Braque instantly placed another correctly, when the gentle-

man intentionally placed a wrong number.

“The dog stared, growled, and at last barked angrily. Finding no notice was taken of his remonstrances, he pushed away the wrong domino with his nose, picked a suitable one from his own pieces, and put it instead, when they went on, and Braque won the game.”

“O, father, I mean to teach Tiney to play with me.”

“But here is a wonderful story about dogs.”

“About fifty years ago, a Frenchman brought to London from eighty to a hundred dogs, chiefly poodles, all nearly the same size, and of the smaller kind. On the education of these animals their proprietor had bestowed a great deal of pains.

“From puppyhood upwards they had been taught to walk on their hind legs, and maintained

their footing with surprising ease in that unnatural position.

“Among other performances was the representation of a siege. On the rising of a curtain, there appeared three ranges of ramparts, one above the other. In the centre of the fortress arose a tower, on which a flag was flying. The ramparts were guarded by soldiers in uniform, each armed with a musket or sword of an appropriate size.

All these were dogs, and their duty was to defend the walls from an attacking party, whose movements now commenced the operations of the siege.

“After some skirmishing, in which the chief, habited as an officer of rank, was conspicuous, the drums beat to arms, and the battle commenced in earnest. The chief of the assailants did wonders. He was seen, now here, now there, animating his



men, and seeming to receive an accession of courage on every fresh repulse.

“The rattle of the miniature cannon, the roll of the drums, the sound of trumpets, and the heroism of the actors on both sides, imparted an idea of reality to the scene. After numerous hair-breadth escapes, the enemy’s standard was hurled down, and the British flag hoisted in its place; the ramparts were

manned by the conquerors, and the smoke cleared away to the tune of 'God save the King.'

“But a still more wonderful scene was an assembly room, on the sides and the farther end of which seats were placed; while a music gallery and a profusion of chandeliers gave a richness and truth to the general effect. Liveried servants were in attendance on a few of the dog company who entered.

“Frequent knockings were now heard at the door, followed by the entrance of parties attired in the fashion of the period. These were the same dogs who had recently been engaged in the battle; but now all was peace, elegance, and ease. Different parties of dogs were introduced to each other with an appearance of the greatest decorum. The dogs representing ladies were dressed in silks,

gauzes, laces, and gay ribbons, and adorned with artificial flowers, with flowing ringlets, with powdered and pomatumed head-dresses, with caps and lappets, in ludicrous contrast to their natural features. The dogs representing gentlemen were equipped, some as youthful, and others as aged beaux.

“The frequent bow and responsive courtesy produced great mirth in the audience.

Suddenly, the master of ceremonies appeared. He wore a court dress, and his manners were in agreement with his costume. To some of the dog-gentlemen, he gave merely a look of recognition; to the ladies he was attentive; to some he offered his paw familiarly, to others he bowed with respect, and introduced one to another with an elegance that surprised the spectators.

The music was soon interrupted by a loud knocking, which announced the arrival of some important visitor. Several liveried servants entered, and then a sedan chair was borne in by appropriately dressed dogs. They removed the poles, raised the head, and opened the door of the sedan, when forth came a dog-lady splendidly attired in satin, decorated with jewels and a plume of ostrich feathers!

She made a great impression, and appeared conscious of her superior charms, returning the bow of the master of ceremonies with a courtesy.

“The band now struck up an air appropriate for the promenade; and the company instantly quitted their seats, and began to walk in pairs around the room.

“On seats being resumed, the master of ceremonies and the

sedan chair lady arose: he led her to the centre of the room, Foote's minuet struck up, when the pair commenced the movements with an attention to time. They performed the crossings and turnings, the advancings and retreatings, and obeisances, during which there was a perfect silence; and they concluded the whole amid thunders of applause."



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